

All three of you, to be thus much ore shot?  
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:  
But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.  
O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I scene.  
Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:  
O me, with what strict patience haue I sat,  
To see a King transformed to a Gnat?  
To see great Hercules whipping a Gigge,  
And profound Salomon tuning a lygge?  
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boyes,  
And Critticke Tymon laugh at idle toyes.  
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good Dumaine;  
And gentle Longuill, where lies thy paine?  
And where my Liedges? all about the brest:  
A Candle hoa!

*King.* Too bitter is thy iest.

Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?

*Ber.* Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.

I that am honest, I that hold it sinne

To breake the vow I am engaged in,

I am betrayed by keeping company

With men, like men of inconstancie.

When shall you see me write a thing in rime?

Or grone for *Isane*? or spend a minutes time,

In pruning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise a  
hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a brest,  
a waste, a legge, a limme.

*King.* Soft, Whither a-way so fast?

A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so.

*Ber.* I post from Loue, good Louer let me go.

*Enter Jaquenetta and Clowne.*

*Iaqu.* God blesse the King.

*King.* What Present hast thou there?

*Clo.* Some certaine treason.

*King.* What makes treason heere?

*Clo.* Nay it makes nothing fit.

*King.* If it marre nothing neither,

The treason and you goe in peace away together.

*Iaqu.* I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,

Our person mis-doubts it: it was treason he said.

*King.* *Berowne*, read it ouer.

*He reads the Letter.*

*King.* Where hadst thou it?

*Clo.* Of *Costard*.

*King.* Where hadst thou it?

*Clo.* Of *Dun* *Adramadio*, *Dun* *Adramadio*.

*King.* How now, what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

*Ber.* A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needs not  
feare it.

*Long.* It did moue him to passion, and therefore let's  
heare it.

*Dum.* It is *Berowne's* writing, and heere is his name.

*Ber.* Ah you whoreson loggerhead, you were borne  
to doe me shame.

Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.

*King.* What?

*Ber.* That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make  
vp the messe.

He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,  
Are picke-purses in Loue, and we deferue to die.

O dismissthis audience, and I shall tell you more.

*Dum.* Now the number is euen.

*Berowne.* True true, we are fowre: will these Turtles  
be gone?

*King.* Hence firs, away.

*Clo.* Walk aside the true folke, & let the traytors stay.

*Ber.* Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let vs embrace,  
As true we are as flesh and blood can be,  
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will shew his face:  
Young blood doth not obey an old decree.  
We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne:  
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne.

*King.* What, did these rent lines shew some loue of  
thine?

*Ber.* Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heauenly  
(*Rosaline*)  
That (like a rude and sauage man of *Inde*.)

At the first opening of the gorgeous East,

Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blinde,

Kisses the base ground with obedient brest?

What peremptory Eagle-fighted eye

Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,

That is not blinded by her maiestie?

*King.* What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?

My Loue (her Mistres) is a gracious Moone,

Shew (an attending Starre) scarce scene a light.

*Ber.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*.

O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,

Of all complexions the cul'd soueraintry,

Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,

Where feuerall Worthies make one dignity,

Where nothing wants, that want it selfe doth seeke.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,

Fie painted Rethoricke, O she needs it not,

To things of sale, a sellers praise belongs:

She passes prayse, then prayse too short doth blot.

A withered Hermite, fiftie score winters worne,

Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eye:

Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,

And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.

O tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine.

*King.* By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.

*Berowne.* Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?

A wife of such wood were felicitie.

O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?

That I may sweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,

If that she learne not of her eye to looke:

No face is faire that is not full so blacke.

*King.* O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:

And beauties cress becomes the heauens well.

*Ber.* Diuels sooneft tempt resembling spirits of light.

O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,

It mournes, that painting vsurping haire

Should rauish doters with a false aspect:

And therefore is she borne to make blacke, faire.

Her fauour turnes the fashion of the dayes,

For natue blood is counted painting now:

And therefore red that would auoyd dispraise,

Paints it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.

*Dum.* To look like her are Chimny-sweepers blacke.

*Long.* And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.

*King.* And *Ethiops* of their sweet complexion crake.

*Dum.* Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.

*Ber.* Your mistresses dare neuer come in raine,

For feare their colours should be washt away.

*King.* Were good yours did: for fir to tell you plaine,

He finde a fairer face nor washt to day.

*Ber.* He proue her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.

*King.* No Diuell will fright thee then so much as thee.

*Dum.* I neuer knew man hold vile stuffe so deere.

*Long.* Looke, heer's thy loue, my foot and her face see.

*Ber.* O if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.  
*Dum.* O vile, then as she goes what vpward lyes?

The street should see as she walk'd ouer head.

*King.* But what of this, are we not all in loue?

*Ber.* O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.

*King.* Then leaue this chat, & good *Berowne* now proue

Our louing lawfull, and our sayth not torne.

*Dum.* I marie there, some flattery for this euill.

*Long.* O some authority how to proceed;

Some tricks, some quillies, how to cheat the diuell.

*Dum.* Some salue for periurie.

*Ber.* O tis more then neede.

Haue at you then affections men at armes,

Consider what you first did sweare vnto:

To fast, to study, and to see no woman:

Flat treason against the Kingly state of youth.

Say, Can you fast? your stomachs are too young:

And abstinence ingenders maladies.

And where that you haue vow'd to studie (Lords)

In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.

Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke.

For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,

Haue found the ground of studies excellence,

Without the beauty of a womans face;

From womens eyes this doctrine I deuie,

They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,

From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire:

Why, vniuersall plodding poysons vp

The nimble spirits in the arteries,

As motion and long during action tyres

The sinnowy vigour of the trauailer.

Now for not looking on a womans face,

You haue in that forsworne the vse of eyes:

And studie too, the causer of your vow.

For where is any Author in the world,

Teaches such beauty as a womans eye:

Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,

And where we are, our Learning likewise is:

Then when our selues we see in Ladies eyes,

With our selues.

Doe we not likewise see our learning there?

O we haue made a Vow to studie, Lords,

And in that vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:

For when would you (my Legee) or you, or you?

In leaden contemplation haue found out

Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,

Of beauties tutors haue enrich'd you with:

Other slow Arts intirely keepe the braine:

And therefore finding barraine practizers,

Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toyle.

But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,

Liues not alone emured in the braine:

But with the motion of all elements,

Courtes as swift as thought in every power,

And giues to euery power a double power;

About their functions and their offices,

It adds a precious seeing to the eye:

A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.

A Louers eare will heare the lowest sound:

When the suspicious head of theft is stop't.

Loues feeling is more soft and sensible,

Then are the tender hornes of Cokkled Snayles.

Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bachus* grosse in taste:

For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules* labour?

Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*?

Subtill as *Sphinx*, as sweet and musically

As *Proserpine*, as *Phaon*, as *Phaon*, as *Phaon*,

As *Phaon*, as *Phaon*, as *Phaon*, as *Phaon*,

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As *Phaon*, as *Phaon*, as *Phaon*, as *Phaon*,

As bright *Apollo's* L

And when Loue spe

Make heauen drow

Neuer durst Poet to

Vntill his luke were

O then his lines wo

And plant in Tyrant

From womens eyes

They sparle still the

They are the Booke

That shew, containe

Else none at all in ou

Then fooles you we

Or keeping what is

For Wisedomes take

Or for Loues sake, a

Or for Mens sake, th

Or Womens sake, b

Let's once loofe our

Or else we loofe our

It is religion to be th

For Charity it selfe f

And who can seuer l

*King.* Saint *Cupid*

*Ber.* Aduance y

Pell, mell, downe wi

In conflict that you

*Long.* Now to pl

Shall we resolute to v

*King.* And winne

Some entertainment

*Ber.* First from th

Then homeward cu

Of his faire Mistres

We will with some

Such as the storiness

For Reuels, Dances,

For-runne faire Lo

*King.* Away, away

That will be time, an

*Ber.* Alone, alone

And Iustice alwaies

Light Wenches may

If so, our Copper buy